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A fore-castle yarn,
KICKING THE BUCKET,

(The origin of the phrase)

BY AN "OLD SALT." I

"Now I have ye to know, messmates, that there was a bottle snouted sample of a varmint, a waster, on board of the wall-sided Old Glory, a sneak, a skulker. Now, d'ye see this hear Nosey Jolly-nose——"

"Well my hearties," exclaimed Tim, "but little good did the Old Glory get out of Nosey, and but a small matter of work had His Majesty for his lots of beef and pork."

"He was a lolluping, loose-built craft, near six feet high, and as lazy as a Mahon soldier. He was a coward, and mightily given to pipe his eye, a glutton, and no garbage was dirty enough to come amiss. A thief, as I told you afore. I think he was a mortal liar, but I am not so sure o' that as no one ever spoke to him but to tell him to get out of the way. His face was broad and blotched, and his nose was not nat'ral, something the size of a powderhorn, and studded over with carbuncles that seemed to have inside of them small furnaces to heat shot-red-hot with. Now this chap, who'd let the least boy in the ship kick him afloat, the moment he got ashore, he rigged his arms a kimbo, and the King's highway warn't wide enough for him. He come it strong he did, as the purser's plug in these melt-your-heart latitudes. And if you had seen the lubber's eyes! but he

would a made you stare like Pollyinfamous's (Polyphemus) everlasting one ogle. I must say this for the brute, he had a fine nat'ral crop of hair; and the tiller that he stuck on his nob, was as long a handspike, and a great deal thicker. Those were days for your real sailor-like pig tails. Nothing to be seen like them now-a-days, in these falling-off times."

"Do you mean that the times or the tails are falling-off?" asked the young reefer.

"Both, sir, both. In Duncan's time! well, well, neither the men nor their tails are what they were then. But I isn't going for to go to justify Nosey; for, not content with sarving his tail round with wax-ended tape, from root to tuft, he would clap a bow o' blue ribbon on the end on't, and which I hold to be an abomination; but it took with the gals, it did. Shipmates, to cut it short, when Nosey was titivated to the hines ashore, he made sich a sort of a 'ar as, mayhap, ye may a seed drawn on a twelf cake ticket, or as they puts in the play-acting, to gammon the land-lubbers with. He was always seen swagging along with a bludgeon, and swore most rumbustiously—that is, messmates, ashore; on board, as I told ye, he was as mild as cabbage-water, only a great deal nastier. Well, it so happened that Mrs. Bladderbog, the large 'oman, a widow, who kept the Jolly Sailors, in 'hapstring alley, down at the back of the dockyard-wall at Portsmouth, took a fancy to this blustering Dutch lump of rottenness, in spite of his hide-